

Perfect Height by how_about_no

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Summary:

Mike couldn't help his smile. Will was so cute. Mike wanted to hold him, keep him safe forever, kiss him square on the-
And therein lies the problem.

"Let's go." Mike said, quickly turning away so Will didn't catch him staring.

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Mike has tried again and again to confess his feelings, but it has never gone according to plan. This time, though, this time he's going to do it if it kills him.

Perfect Height

Author's Note:

hellooooo!!!

this is my first byeler fic so be gentle, idk if i've got the characterisation right

this is to celebrate 200 followers on my it/st tumblr!

enjoy <3

Mike, though he loathed to admit it, had never been good at getting himself out of situations. He could bullshit a lot and probably convince a crowd to follow him, but problem solving? Not really his area of expertise. *Spotting* the problem was a piece of cake. *Complaining* about the problem was even easier, most of the time enjoyable. Solving it was a whole other thing.

“It’s nothing.” Will blushed, running his fingers through his hair. It was a habit that had started pretty recently, when he got a new hair cut, kissing the bowl cut goodbye. It was still long, slightly hanging over his face, but it wasn’t as neat and over his face as it was before.

“It’s amazing.” Mike insisted, looking at the drawing of all their DnD characters, fully kitted out. He held it aloft, “Right guys?”

“Totally.” Lucas said, and Dustin nodded.

“We should show it to Jane and Max when we get to Mike’s.” Dustin was clearly getting impatient, already straddling his bike and widening his eyes meaningfully. He nodded at Lucas who climbed onto his bike too.

“Race?” Lucas suggested, and Dustin grinned.

“You’re on.”

They were gone before Mike could even hand the drawing back. He watched as Will bit his lip and stared at the paper. He looked

nervous, though he nearly always did. The way he held the drawing was so delicate and caring that Mike couldn't help his smile. Will was so cute. Mike wanted to hold him, keep him safe forever, kiss him square on the-

And therein lies the problem.

"Let's go." Mike said, quickly turning away so Will didn't catch him staring.

"Okay." Will replied quietly, and they set off.

So, there's the problem. Mike is in love with Will. Madly, some may say. Ever since the mind flayer, since El coming back and becoming Jane, since Max and Lucas becoming official, since- since- Mike didn't really know since when.

Maybe it was when Jane broke up with him, so she could explore the world on her own, without navigating a relationship as well. Maybe it was when Will scraped his knee when they were 8 and Mike was so filled with worry he got dizzy. Maybe it was when Will wasn't himself, staring at Mike with tears in his eyes as he listened to the story of how they met. Maybe it didn't matter at all.

The problem was, simply put, Mike was in love with Will, and he had no idea how to tell him.

See, he had to tell him. Friends don't lie. It means they don't tell a non-truth, but it also means they don't keep secrets. This was a big secret. Mike had had this mammoth of a secret in his pocket for a while now, and it was getting to the point that he felt guiltier about keeping it to himself than he did about being in love with Will in the first place.

Mike had to tell him.

He'd tried before, but it never ended up happening. Something always got in the way.

"Hey, Will, I need to tell you something."

"Oh, God, Mike!" Lucas shouted, "What did you do?"

"Nothing! I just need to talk to Will!"

"Did you break something of his?" Dustin said accusingly, "What was it?"

"Mike," Will sighed, "it's okay if you broke something, just tell me."

"I didn't break anything! God!"

Mike ended up storming out after that one. Not his proudest moment. He shook his head, concentrating on the wind going through his hair as he flew down the hill next to Will.

"El, can I borrow Will for a second?"

"It's Jane." El, no, Jane said. She stared him down like he'd personally insulted her.

"Sorry, it's still new." Mike bit his lip, "Can I talk to Will, Jane?"

"Sure." Jane got up and patted him on the shoulder on the way out of the room. He didn't understand why Jane was the name they went for. It would've been so much better if it was Ellen or something. Then everyone could still call her El and she wouldn't get all uptight about it.

"What's wrong?" Will looked worried, probably because of the nerves that had no doubt shown on Mike's face.

"Nothing, I just needed to tell you that I- that I-"

"It's okay." Will moved them so they were sat down on the edge of his bed, "You can tell me anything."

"I don't know if you'll want to hear it." Mike said. Oh God, he thought, it's finally happening, "I- uh- I think I'm in-"

Just then, the walkie talkie crackled to life with Max shouting 'CODE RED' down it repeatedly, her voice filled with panic.

“Oh, for fu-”

Mike pushed that memory away too. Max was in some bad shit back then, but they got her out of there. Billy was gone, and she was safe. Mike felt bad for being so mad at the interruption at the time.

They reached Mike's house to find Lucas and Dustin engaged in a rock paper scissors war that looked to be turning into an all-out fight any second.

“That doesn't *count*.” Lucas stomped his foot like he was eight instead of fifteen, “You can't just make stuff up like that!”

“The alien has always been a move, and you're just mad you didn't use it! Stop being such a sore loser.”

“Stop being a cheater!”

“Loser!”

“CHEATER!”

“Ladies!” Nancy had suddenly appeared at the door, her arms crossed and face somewhere between amused and annoyed, “Can you stop shouting on our yard? Our neighbours hate you as much as I do already.”

“They don't hate us, and neither do you.” Dustin scoffed.

“I'd love to hear more about that never.” Nancy stuck her tongue out at him and slammed the door. Mike hated when she visited from college. The smile on his face was because she was gone now, not because he found it funny when she sassed Dustin.

“She's never going to admit she likes you again, Dustin, you know that.” Will said, putting an arm around Dustin's shoulders, which wasn't too difficult now that he was taller. He was nearly as tall as Mike now, but still the perfect height to kiss his forehead. Not that Mike was thinking about kissing his forehead.

“She's just mad that I stole her boyfriend.”

“Steve isn’t your boyfriend.” Mike said, and Lucas waved a hand at him as if to say: ‘good point’.

“No, but it’s funny to say.” Dustin grinned.

They made their way inside and found that Jane and Max were sat at the dining room table with Nancy. They were all talking about some new movie with a ‘so cute’ guy in it. Well, apart from Jane, who was watching them talk like it was a nature show. Even though she’d been in ‘society’ for three years now, she still seemed to find everything fascinating, like she was seeing it for the first time.

“Boys.” Jane spotted them first and smiled, “Are we playing now?”

“Yeah, you guys go down. I need to put stuff in my room.” Mike ran up the stairs without waiting for any replies. He needed a plan. Now or never, right? He was going to tell Will he was in love with him. Tonight.

Maybe he could change the quest slightly to slip it in. No, that’d be way too complicated.

Oh! He could convince Will to go with him to get snacks and plant one on him when he least expected it. No, that was borderline creepy.

He could- he could-

“Mike?” Mike whirled around from his pacing to see Will stood in his doorway, staring at Mike with wide eyes.

“Yes?” Mike hoped he sounded casual, but he’d been running his fingers through his hair, so it was probably a mess and had his hands on his hips which he never did oh god what should he do with his hands? They ended up crossed over his chest and stuffed under his arm pits. That’d do. They couldn’t cause any trouble there.

“I wanted to talk to you before the game started and you seemed in kind of a hurry, so.” Will shrugged.

“Sure, what do you want to talk about?” Mike watched a thousand emotions flick through Will’s eyes. He looked scared, excited, full of

anticipation. It was hard to pinpoint just those three, and there were a hundred more there, “Are you okay?”

“Yeah,” Will breathed a laugh and stepped fully into the room, “Jane kind of put me up to this.”

A prank? Will hated pranks. What would Jane convince him to do? The confusion probably showed on his face.

“Ignore I said that. Jane has nothing to do with this. It’s all me.”

“Okay.” Mike said slowly. He watched as his best friend shuffled his feet and took in a deep breath.

“I just- I’ve been thinking about this for a long time, and I didn’t know how to tell you. It such a- a hard thing to say.”

“Wait,” Mike’s heart was trembling. He couldn’t listen to this, to Will reject him, “I can’t. I can’t listen to this.”

“What?” Will’s slight smile fell, and Mike didn’t understand. He was saving him the pain of having to reject someone, here, technically.

Jane had absolutely noticed how Mike acted around Will, and it was only a matter of time before she told him how Mike felt. They lived together and, well, friends don’t lie. Jane took that more literally than the rest of them.

“It’s just- I know, okay? And it sucks. I can’t stop you from- from feeling what you feel, but I can stop you from saying it.” Mike watched his feet as he spoke, “Can we just forget this conversation ever happened?”

“Oh.”

“It’s just embarrassing, okay? I’d rather not have this conversation,” Mike finally looked up to see tears in the corners of Will’s eyes, “if I can help it.”

“I understand.” Will’s voice cracked slightly, and he turned away. It felt like the end of a chapter, the closing line something sad and wistful, about lost lovers and estranged friends.

Mike's heart was in pieces on the floor. He knew there was a chance, a big one, that his feelings weren't returned, but he expected it to happen when he told Will. He wanted the chance to say it for himself. It wasn't fair that he didn't get his confession.

"Just, can I say one thing?" Will said, his back still turned. He looked over his shoulder. This was Mike's last chance, he couldn't let Will have the closing statement on what was meant to be *Mike's* confession.

"I'm sorry I'm in love with you." Mike said, but- but he heard two voices.

"What?" Will said.

"What?!" Mike returned.

"What did you just say?"

"What did *you* just say?" Mike jabbed a finger at Will's chest. He wasn't sure when the boy walked over from the doorway, but he was suddenly only a foot away.

"I said I'm in love with you!"

"But you just rejected me!"

"No!" Will scoffed, shoving Mike's shoulder, "*You* just rejected *me*. That was what this entire conversation was about!"

"I thought you came here to tell me you knew I was in love with you!"

"I *came here* to confess!"

"Well, so did I!"

"Good!"

"Good!"

"Fine!"

“Fine!”

Mike’s chest was heaving. He was so *angry* that Will had the audacity to tell him that he was wrong, that he wasn’t rejecting him and that he hadn’t just got his heartbroken. Who was he to tell Mike he was in love with him?

Wait.

“You’re in love with me?” Mike said it quietly, whispered the words into the air so only Will could catch them. The pieces of Mike’s heart vibrated on the floor where they landed.

“Yes.” Will sighed. That was all it took. The pieces of Mike’s heart slammed back together and whooshed back into his chest so fast that he fell forward into Will’s arms like he belonged there.

They hugged for a long time, longer than it took for Will’s heart to mend too, for him to laugh. They separated and smiled at each other. It was everything Mike wanted. Will was looking at him like he was the sun coming up in the morning, like he was the stars shining at night. It was, Mike realised, how he’d looked at him the entire time.

“You’re in love with me.” Mike said, just to see how the words tasted on his tongue for the second time. They were just as sweet.

“*You’re* in love with *me*.” Now that was even sweeter to hear, especially with Will’s goofy grin and arms around his neck paired with it.

“Perfect height.” Mike whispered like a realisation, even though he’d been thinking about it only ten minutes ago.

“What?”

In answer, Mike leant forward and pressed his lips to Will’s forehead. It only lasted a few seconds, but it left them both blushing madly and stepping away. Their hearts lingered.

They spent the rest of the night pretending nothing happened, chatting with the Party like they were all best buds and nothing out of the ordinary had happened.

Under the table, where no one but them could see, Will Byers linked his pinkie with Mike Wheeler's, and they shared a private smile.

Author's Note:

thanks for reading y'all!

tumblr: kaspcrap